

Harry to Harry, shall hot horse to horse
Meet, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarfe
Oh, that Glendower were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He can draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Doug. That's the worst tidings, that I heare of it.

Wor. I, by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the kings whole battel reach vnto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be.

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of vs may serue so great a day.

Come, let vs take a muster speedily,

Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Enter Falstaffe, and Bardoll.

Falst. Bardol, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of
Sacke, our souldiours shall march through. Wee'le to Sutton
cophill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money, Captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an angell.

Fal. And if it doe, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty,
take them all, ile answere the coynage, bid my Lieutenant
Peto meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine, farewell. *Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my souldiers, I am a soueraine gurnet,
I haue misused the kings presse damnablely. I haue got in ex-
change of 150. souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I presse me
none, but good housholders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out
contracted batchelers, such as had beene askt twice on the
banes, such a commoditie of warme slaues, as had as lieue heare
the Diuell, as a drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliuier,
worse the a strooke foule, or a hurt wild-ducke: I presse me none,
but such tofts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger
then pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their seruices, and

now, my whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieu-
tenants, gentlemen of companies, slaues as ragged as Lazarus in
the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his sores: and
such as indeed were neuer souldiers, but discarded, vniust ser-
uingmen, yonger sonnes to yonger brothers, reuolted tapsters,
and Ostlers trade-falne, the cankers of a calme world, and a long
peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged, then an olde fazd
ancient, and such haue I, to fill vp the roomes of them as haue
bought out their seruices, that you would thinke, that I had a
hundred and fiftie tottered prodigals, lately come from swine
keeping, from eating drasse and husks. A mad fellowe met mee
on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and
prest the dead bodies. No eye hath scene such skarcrowes. He
not march through Couentry with them, that's flat: nay, and
the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had giues on,
for indeede, I had the most of them out of prison, there's not a
shirt and a halfe in all my companie, and the halfe shirt is two
napkins tack't together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a
Heralds coate without sleeuces, and the shirt, to say the trueth,
stolne from my host at S. Albones, or the red-nose Inkeeper of
Dauntry, but that's all one, thei'le finde linnen inough on eue-
ry hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now, blowne lacke? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? how now, mad wage? what a diuel dost thou
in Warwickshire? My good L. of Westmerland, I cry you mer-
cie, I thought your honour had already bene at Shrewsburie.

West. Faith, sir Iohn, t'is more then time that I were there,
and you too, but my powers are there already: the king I can tel
you, looks for vs all, we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-
ready made thee butter: but tell me, lacke, whose fellowes are
these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such pitifull rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good inough to roste, foode for powder, foode